

THE PRIEST ON THE BATTLEFIELD

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

(Concluded.)

Sister Julie.

There is, or rather was, a town of Gerberviller. At the beginning of the war it had 463 houses; to-day it has only six. A *Times* correspondent, describing the German attack and capture of this town when only half a dozen of the defenders remained, says:

'Before they retreated their commanding officer begged Sister Julie, a Sister of St. Joseph, to go with them, but she refused to leave her wounded soldiers. She stayed at her post to the end, and was still there when I visited the town this week. Twice she saw it burnt, and twice bombarded, and for part of the fortnight after it was taken helped to nurse the German wounded who were brought into it.'

Here is a further incident in the life of this angel of charity and devotion:

'The English people have already been told of Sister Julie, upon whom the President of the Republic has conferred the Legion of Honor for devotion to the wounded, under shell fire in a burning town, but perhaps one little incident related with that honor has not yet been reported. I think, perhaps, Sister Julie liked it more than the Cross of the Legion of Honor. A squadron of Chasseurs passed the house where this lady lived amidst the ruins of her town, and the captain called for her. When she appeared, smiling upon him, he turned to his men, and reminded them how, when they had passed that way before, they had seen a woman—Sister Julie—attending the wounded in spite of the shells which burst around her, and the flames which raged across the street.'

'My little ones,' said the officer, 'here is this lady again. The President of the Republic has pinned the cross for her courage on her breast. Let us salute her.'

'And, drawing his sword from his scabbard, and kissing its hilt, with a sweeping salute the captain of the Chasseurs ordered his men to raise their sabres, and to parade before this lady, whose eyes were full of tears. It was a beautiful act of homage, not only to Sister Julie, but to the womanhood of France.'

Our Nuns! God Bless Them!

And there are thousands of Sister Julies among these glorious daughters of our Mother the Church. Trained in the retirement of Nazareth Home, moulded after the example of Mary, the Mother of God, they move through their days with their eyes fixed on heaven. Brides of Christ, they are strong through the strength of Christ, facing horrors that have daunted the hearts of brave men. Nor let us forget that these sublime heights are gained by these heroines, not through lack of human nature, but because of their control of human nature. They move among the lepers of Molokai and Japan; they face the fanatic hate of China; they are equally at home on the tropic plains of India or amid the icy fastnesses of Alaska; in pestilence and famine, nursing the aged poor, succoring the dying, the whole world is their home, and all mankind their brother.

CHAPTER V.—OUR CHURCH.

What is the secret of this sublime heroism and self-sacrifice? What is the source from which this more than human power springs? It is no secret to the Catholic. He knows that the cause of all is the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church—the Church of Sacrifice and Sacraments. To the Catholic the personality of the priest is negligible; what are of importance are the Divine Forces that he guards and distributes. As a man he may even be careless, but that affects not the soul that kneels before him, and at his hands receives the Body and Blood of Christ, giving eternal life. Above and around the priest towers our Mother the Church,

guarding our faith, our most precious and most cherished possession. Love of her has filled heaven with martyrs, and love of her causes Catholics to-day to fight so strenuously to hand on this glorious heritage of faith to their children. This is the reason of the unceasing fight against those who advocate education that is divorced from religion, and why the Catholic Church thinks no sacrifice too great to preserve this faith in the heart of the child. Belgium fought for this for forty years, and won, and the name of Belgium is synonymous with honor in the world to-day.

Twin Rails of Faith and Charity.

Our Church holds out certainty to her children, and, like a mighty engine, moves surely forward on the twin rails of Faith and Charity, firm spiked by eternal dogma. Her power is recognised even by those of another mind. Dr. Inge, the Anglican Dean of St. Paul's, London, speaking last month of the Church, thus eulogised her:

'Pious Roman Catholics have the consciousness of belonging to a great institution, to a mighty world power with a remarkable history. It pointed the highway of saintliness trodden by thousands, and had answers ready for all difficulties. Another characteristic of Catholic sanctity is its genuine unworldliness; the man who tried to make the best of both worlds, combining unctuous religiosity with grasping covetousness, can hardly exist in the Roman Catholic Church.'

'No institution ever has had such a magnificent body of devoted servants as this Church. She is still able to produce saints worthy of her oldest and best traditions.'

'She is still able to produce saints worthy of her oldest and best traditions.' How true this is to-day even the most unobservant must notice, and it will be true through all time into eternity.

Universality of the Church.

Her divine power is shown, not only in these manifestations of charity by her children, but also in a higher aspect still of this divine virtue. Her charity embraces all men, and is above nationality. This is the outcome of the universality of the Church. This power that is hers is transmitted to her children, and some of the manifestations of it in the present war are touching in the extreme. Here is one.

'I Put His Rosary in His Hands.'

Five French soldiers charged a Uhlan officer and two men, killing the men and fatally wounding the officer. The officer was a Pole and a Catholic. This is how the French officer describes what happened:—

'Lying in a pool of his own blood, he tried to pull from his pocket his Rosary and an image of our Lady and Child. At this sight all my fury died down, and, having placed my men at their posts, I went back to him and told him that I, too, was a Catholic, and my greatest desire was to comfort his last moments. He seemed to understand, and lifted up his Rosary. Seeing what he wanted, I recited a decade, and he answered, feebly and more feebly, in German, after which he raised his beads to his lips and kissed them several times. Then he handed them to me, and I also kissed them. This seemed to please him. Then I had to go back to my men, so I put his Rosary and image in his hands and left him. Next morning, on my way back to the trenches, I found him lying dead just as I had left him.'

How close to Heaven does this charity of Christ lift man! Over and above all the seeming confusion, the Church sees One who will as surely curb and still the waves of human passion as He stilled the raging waves of Galilee.

What the Bishops Say.

This is the spirit that breathes through the Pastoral issued by the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of Germany.

'The war,' they tell their people, 'is a stern Advent school; it has brought us and our people nearer the Saviour. Like a hurricane the war broke on the cold clouds and the evil vapors of infidelity and seep-

H. LOUIS GALLIEN, Chemist & Druggist,

N.E. VALLEY ('PHONE 2028) DUNEDIN.

HOT-WATER BOTTLES, Complete with Covers—
6 x 10, 6/-; 8 x 10, 6/9; 8 x 12, 7/9; 10 x 12, 9/6;
8 x 14, 8/6; 10 x 14, 10/3; 12 x 14, 10/9—Post free.